# The Indian Interpreter

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## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

WHEN we wish to express deep feeling we naturally turn to some hour in man's history when he was deeply stirred and echo some cry of one who felt then as we feel now. It may seem strange that any one should turn to the Book of Revelation for an expression of such thankfulness as we feel in the presence of the great deliverance that God has wrought for the allied nations. Yet there are reasons why we should find much in this book that is akin both to the dark fears and sorrows through which we have passed and to the joy and thankfulness that now fills our hearts. There are many obscure passages in this book. Mysterious, unintelligible voices come to us from the midst of its smoke; strange unearthly figures pass across its pages. Till four years ago it all seemed very far off from our comfortable, easy, ordered lives; a wild romance, perhaps, but no history of men and women of our kin. But some of these strange things have come to appear less strange in these last years. We have learned that the things it tells of are not impossible things even in our world to-day. Its horrors have become the commonplaces of our daily newspapers. But this book is not only a book of horror and of judgement. There are other things in it as well—things that can never be learned so fully or realized so vividly as from the midst of blood and fire and vapour of smoke. There is joy in this book, as nowhere else perhaps in the Bible, songs of triumph, hymns of thanksgiving and adoration; there are golden vials full of odours; there are harpers harping with their harps; there are rejoicing angels, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands.

We have passed through the darkness and the smoke; we have had experience of the tears. It is for us now when peace again is dawning, to seek to attune our hearts to such a song of praise as that which, we are told, the 'four and twenty elders' sang before the throne of God in the highest heaven: 'We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art and wast and art to come, because thou hast taken to thee thy great power and hast reigned.' These elders are, we may suppose, the great choir-leaders of the Church of Christ and that Church now throughout all the world lifts up her heart in grateful adoration to Him whom we perceive to be enthroned above the storm-clouds and the water-floods.

In order that we may join in that song of praise we must first look back and remember. How often we seemed in these last four years to be on the very edge of irremediable disaster! We said in our own hearts, if not to one another, more than once, 'It may be thât the gulfs will wash us down.' There was the Mons retreat; there was the first and there was the second battle of Ypres; there was Verdun; there was the terrible 21st of March of this very year of our deliverance. Who can ever name these names without deep gratitude, first to God who then and always was and is the Upholder of all true hearts, God without whom no strength avails; and then to those who there died for us? Hilaire Belloc, the military historian, writing of the battle of the Marne declares that above the phenomena of strategy and of tactics he can see 'a vision of personal spirits in conflict far beyond the scale of mankind.' 'The thing,' he says, 'is far too great for my pen. . . . A thousand years will pass, and no historian will ever successfully record it.' For God was on that battle field. 'In the salient of Ypres,' says John Buchan, writing in 1915, 'there are not less than a hundred thousand graves of allied soldiers. . . . When the war is over this triangle of meadow-land, with a ruined city for its base, will be an enclave of Belgian soil consecrated as the holy land of two great peoples.' That was three years ago, and that space of land in these three years has been yet further sanctified by the blood of sacrifice. Can any one ever stand there and not look up to God in humble penitence and adoration? Surely God walked among those young men as they fought and fell, though their eyes were holden that they, it may be, did not see. And last March, when the floods were out and our armies overwhelmed, they retired from ridge to ridge—one Division of

them—till they came to Hamel, and there they turned to bay. It seemed strange that they should stop there. 'But,' says an officer of the division, 'it wasn't strange. They simply couldn't have retreated from there. It was a case of being compassed about by the cloud of witnesses.'

These are the things we are to remember—and never surely shall we forget them—but not these things only. If the graves at Ypres and Hamel and Gallipoli and Kut were all, we would have little to be glad in even in these days of victory and peace. We would be like the two disciples on the road to Emmaus who walked together and were sad. But to us Christians, as to them, the risen Lord comes and by His coming He turns the shadow of death into the morning. The world's no charnel-house. War is not the last word in its history, nor death its epitaph. This is still God's world and His peace is its goal, His life its crown. 'We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art and wast and art to come, because thou hast taken to thee thy great power and hast reigned.' That is the assurance which now we have, which fills our hearts with thankfulness. 'God's in His heaven.' He has stretched out His hand to save. This is not a time for exultation. For how many as they travel back through the gate of remembrance it is a time, not of triumph, but of tears. They can now count the cost at which this deliverance has been purchased, the cost in lives that are irreplaceable, in hearts stricken with wounds that time can never heal. What room can there be for vanity and boasting in the presence of memories such as these? The true method of thanksgiving in such a case is to dedicate ourselves anew to Him but for whose mercy shown to us we would be a broken nation now with all our great inheritance of freedom and of justice shattered. It is of God's mercy that we were not consumed. We take our lives again as the lives of free men, we take hope again and purpose for the fashioning of a new world, from the hands of Him who has so delivered us. We must seek to be preserved from what the wise Greeks called *hybris*, the insolence of triumph, the spirit which, if it is indulged, will make the nation's victory far worse for the nation than defeat. We can be delivered from it only by remembering the cost and by acknowledging our debt to our Deliverer. We are not our own; we are bought with a price. We must highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain. As we have received from God the gift of our deliverance, so to Him we have to render an account of how we shall use

it, what kind of world we shall rebuild out of the ruins to which man's sin has brought it.

Twenty-three centuries ago a Pagan Greek wrote a play after a great war, which is a picture, a terrible and moving picture, of the inner side of victory. 'Slowly, reflectively, . . . we are made to look at the great glory, until we see not glory at all but shame and blindness and a world swallowed up in night. . . . A solitary old woman with a dead child in her arms; that, on the human side, is the result of these deeds of glory.' 'This is a time,' said a brilliant Oxford scholar, himself soon to give his life in the war, 'when men ought to be born without mothers.' No, not with boasting, not with exultation should we celebrate this victory. 'With malice toward none,' said Abraham Lincoln, 'with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive . . . to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

That is the spirit of true victory, the only spirit in which we can acknowledge God the Giver and render Him thanks. He has not given us this thing for our own ends, but for the end of the coming of His Kingdom. 'The Nineteenth Century,' some one has said, 'made the world a neighbourhood; it is the task of the twentieth to make it a brotherhood,' to make it so even out of the fragments into which hate has shattered it. 'It is not only the thoughtful soldier,' says Gilbert Murray, 'bent with a burden of intolerable suffering, . . . it is the common man and woman . . . who after this surfeit of hatred is wearying for a return to love, after this bestial cruelty is searching the darkness for some dawn of divine mercy, after this horror of ill-doing and foulness unforgettable, is crying out, each man in his loneliness for the spirit that is called Christ.' We thank Thee, O Lord God Almighty, because Thou hast conquered, not we, the poor earth's dying race, but Thou. Thou hast taken to Thyself Thy great power and hast reigned. And so there is hope again, rich, radiant hope. Love 'from its awful throne of patient power' shall 'fold over the world its healing wings.'

# THE MARAṬHA PSALMISTS, III

## By the Rev. N. Macnicol, M.A., D.Litt.

AS theists the Marāṭha Psalmists oppose what a South Indian follower of *bhakti* calls 'the haughty Vedānt creed'. Sometimes they admit that the 'way of knowledge' is higher than the way of faith but that the heart has its reasons to which they feel they must give heed. Sometimes they go further and claim their way as the highest. Tukārām in one of his poems describes how those who had chosen the path of *Brahma* knowledge and looked forward to deliverance from re-birth and to final absorption turn back under his guidance to the bondage of life because with it they can experience a fellowship with God of which they can have conscious experience. He does not wish to be merged in the unconsciousness of *Brāhman,* 'like the dew drop in the silent sea.' This goal that so fascinates the Brāhman philosopher and the Buddhist, wearied with the sorrows of existence, has no charm for him. Perhaps this is an indication that life had gained a new interest for the people of that age with the awakening of some sense of brotherhood among men and some hope that there was love for them in the heart of God. They want to know, as Jñāneśvar says (Jñ. VI. 113), 'the bliss of affection'. They do not desire even the joys of heaven. Best of all it seems to them to be to remain on earth, in the fellowship of the saints, singing the praises of the god of their devotion. Jñāneśvar in one passage describes such a *bhakta* and his supreme desire. Tukārām is no less emphatic in his rejection of a union that means unconsciousness and an end to the joy of serving and praising his divine Master: 'Advait,' he says, 'contents me not'.

But in the case of every one of these poets, as we have seen, there is a hesitation and ambiguity when they compare these rival blessednesses. 'Knowledge' and *Brāhman* have a prestige in India that even Tukārām cannot forget, though he knows by his

own experience that knowledge is, as he says, 'a stringless lute'. It is, in fact, as a Christian *bhakta* had long before declared, 'like sounding brass and a clanging cymbal.' And yet, Tukārām can hear what Kabīr calls the 'unstruck music' and sometimes yields to its subtle fascination. 'There,' says Kabīr, who has praised the 'bliss of affection' with as rapturous a delight as any Marāṭha saint, 'the whole sky is filled with sound, and there that music is made *without fingers and without strings.*' In fact they all want both to have and have not. The unitive life draws them with a desire that so many mystical spirits, East and West alike, have felt. Miss May Sinclair is substantially right when she affirms that 'the later mystical poetry of India . . . springs from the conflict and reconciliation between the immemorial feeling of separation and the profound and super-sensual certainty of oneness.'[1] Not in the monism of the 'whole-hogger', Śaṅkarācārya, nor in the dualism that is quite satisfied to remain two, but in a spiritual experience that transcends and includes both is peace to be found.

> For only where the one is twain,
> And where the two are one again
> With truth no more be sought in vain.

Hence the instability, the alternate raptures and despairs of these, as of other, mystic seekers. Love alone—a love that is not a blind rapture but is knowledge too—solves the insoluble problem. 'In the contact of the embrace,' says Jñāneśvar, 'the two become one naturally' (Jñ. V. 133), but they must remain one, not subject to the vacillations of what is a mere sentiment. Sometimes they persuade themselves that even in the silence of the ultimate unity they will be able to hear what one of them calls 'the music of the forgetting of sorrows.'

> Tell me, O Swan, your ancient tale
> From what land do you come, O Swan? to what shore will you fly?
> Where could you take your rest, O Swan, and what do you seek?
> Even this morning, O Swan, awake, arise, follow me!
> There is a land where no doubt nor sorrow have rule: where the terror of death is no more.

[1] *Defence of Idealism*, p. 216.

Where the woods of Spring are abloom and the fragrant scent 'He is I' is borne on the wind.
There the bee of the heart is deeply immersed, and desires no other joy?

Surely here what might be a desert of metaphysic is somehow transformed by the ardour of one who is both a poet and a saint into the land of love, the country of heart's desire.

Subtle is the path of love!
There is there no asking and no not-asking
There one loses oneself at His feet. (Kabīr LV.)

This is a region where logic is transcended, and the raptures and despairs of these psalmists cannot be measured by its foot-rule.

When one reviews the work of these poets it becomes evident that the scope of the thought and the desires they express is not wide, nor is there a rich variety in their music. It is not quite a symphony 'on a penny whistle', but it has much of the simplicity and monotony, as well as of the freshness and sincerity that George Meredith suggests when he takes that as the symbol of the first love of youth and the springtime. There are no organ-notes here, no full volume of harmonious sound. The favourite and most characteristic poetic form made use of by this group of singers is the *abhaṅg*, a brief utterance of, usually, from ten to thirty lines, a true cry of the heart. The poems of Kabīr and of Sir Rabindranath Tagore appear to be of much the same character. They seem to proceed in most cases from some inward experience and are vivid with emotion. There are three poems of an early English poet, Gower, whose titles cover the great part of the work that this movement has inspired. The greater part of what is most vital in it might thus be inscribed *Vox Clamantis*: they are 'voices of one crying'. Again another section might well be described as *Confessio Amantis* the confession of a lover; while there are, as may always be expected in India, a certain number of verses of a more reflective character that make up a *Speculum Meditantis*, a mirror of their thoughts and meditations. But whether they are cries of longing, or utterances of love and devotion, or endeavours to understand and explain life and destiny, they are never merely decorative in their purpose. They are primarily religious and only secondarily and accidentally works of art. They are psalms, meant to be

sung, not said, and inseparable, for a full appreciation, from their music. No doubt the music helps to make up for an occasional poverty of thought and bareness of language, but it enables them also to mount and soar and carries their message more surely to its lodgment in the hearer's heart. They are thus true lyrics and their melancholy music makes more touching still the simple appeal in many of them, of which we might almost say that they 'have no language but a cry'. Their most frequently expressed desire is that they may reach and rest upon the breast of God. They express this longing by means of a rich variety of comparisons, of which the most frequent and most touching is that of a child longing for his mother. It is perhaps significant that this symbol is used by the Hebrew saints to convey, not the soul's yearning for God, but God's yearning over His children. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, these may forget, yet will not I forget thee.'[1] 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'[2]

As one reads the verses of these saints there again and again appears before us the characteristically Indian figure of one patiently waiting in quiet longing and expectancy. Such a still but eager figure is described by Sir Rabindranath Tagore in words that apply to a not infrequent mood of these singers.

> O perfect Wisdom,
> When shall thy truth, ever new and full of light,
> Shine in the sky of my heart?
> Through the long night I wait
> And watch the eastern horizon,
> With face up-turned and folded hands,
> In hope of new happiness, new life and a new dawn of day.
> What shall I see? What shall I know?
> I know not what that joy shall be,
> New light within my inmost heart.
> By that light full of great joy I will go singing towards my home.
> Who would desire to linger in dreary exile?

There is more disquietude in most of their moods, less serenity of soul. There is usually that 'troubled intensity' which has been noted as a characteristic of mysticism everywhere.

[1] Isa. xlix. 15. [2] Isa. lxvi. 13.

It is in these cries of desire that the Marāṭha singers come nearest to the Hebrew psalmists. It may perhaps be maintained with truth that their longing has not the depth and urgency that characterise Hebrew poetry—a depth and urgency that are due to a deeper sense of need. The Hebrew cry is 'out of the depths'. These Hindu saints frequently express a sense of desolation, of weariness in a world of change and sorrow, of loneliness in separation from God. They say, even as the Hebrew does, 'Like as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God,'[1] but they can scarcely be said to know what he experiences when he goes on to say, 'All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me.' For the same reason while there are professions of fervent devotion and affection, while occasional experiences of inward bliss in the divine fellowship are described, there is not the deep note of gratitude which is often sounded in the music of Hebrew psalmists. They have no such experience as that which is described in the words, 'He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay; and He set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth.'[2] The resonant note of thankfulness which throbs in the 103rd Psalm is outside of their knowledge. They can venture on the contrary to say of these who love God 'God is *their* debtor now.' Such an audacity is beyond the reach of the Hebrew or the Christian penitent, unless his conscience of sin and of unworthiness is overlaid with pantheistic speculation as was that of the mediæval mystic Eckhart, who says of God, 'He can as little do without me as I can do without Him.'

It is perhaps on the whole true to say that the Hindu psalmist gives expression to a more purely natural affection, one less suffused with moral meaning than that which we find in the Hebrew psalms. They feel in fellowship with God the instinctive satisfaction, as they so often describe it, that a babe feels in his mother's breast. Nearness to God is simply their proper element, as water is to a fish. If it is the case that the sense of sin is a morbid growth in man's experience, if there is no ground in the truth of things to justify the feeling of separation on the part of a sinful man from a holy God and the demand for a mediator, then these Indian saints have found a nearer and a directer way to God than the Hebrew and Christian penitents.

[1] Ps. xlii. 1. [2] Ps. xl. 2, 3.

But on the other hand no one can question the claim that the Hebrews, and far more, of course, the Christians, have from the dark places of their experience described a more gracious and tender aspect of God and are far more sure of His love. They can say with Elizabeth Barrett Browning: 'From out of the deep, dark pits men see the stars more gloriously and *De profundis amavi*', (*I have loved from the depths*). If there is more dread and desolation in the Christian's *Vox Clamantis*, there is a deeper gratitude and peace in his *Confessio Amantis*. The god the Hindu aspires towards is capricious in his affection; the relation of love between him and his worshipper is not based on a strong assurance of his unwavering righteousness. This marks a profound difference of tone between the religious experience of the saints of India and of Judea, a difference which really denotes the distinction that formerly was made between natural and revealed religion. There is a strength, a depth, an assurance in the one—in spite of many tremors—that is not in the other. The beauty, the pathos, the charm of Hindu piety as here expressed, consists in the very earthliness and uncertainty of its eager hopes. Hebrew aspiration has its roots in darker depths, but it is met by a revelation—an assurance, that is, that comes to the desiring heart—of God's moral majesty as well as of His grace which gives it quietness, and confidence and strength. This assurance —which rises to rapture and triumph in the New Testament—is already present in the psalmists and prophets of the Old Testament with a richness far beyond anything within the compass of the music of these Indian singers. At the same time it would be untrue to say that there are not a certain number of expressions of content and of satisfied affection in their songs or that they have no experience of peace in the divine fellowship. Examples of such joy and satisfaction are to be found especially among the psalms of Tukārām.

There are other respects, in addition to those which have been noted, in which the deep division between the Hindu and Hebrew psalmists reveals itself, hidden as it is beneath the common need of hearts that are at one in their longing to find rest in God. As the one conceives of God as being beyond everything else a moral Being while to the other He is still not much more than a pervading presence in nature, without clearly defined moral characteristics, their ideals of the holy life are fundamentally divergent. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of

the Lord?' says the Hebrew, 'Or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully. He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness and speaketh truth in his heart . . . In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his hurt and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.'[1] Such passages as these describe an attitude of practical philanthropy; they recognise the supremacy of moral demands and the claims of duty to one's neighbour. The religion of the Hebrew psalmists is, no doubt, predominantly personal and individual but the needs of others and responsibility for other are never far from the worshipper's thoughts. God is for him the God not merely of the individual worshipper but of at least the nation. He is also often recognised as the king over the whole earth, the Judge who will judge the world with righteousness and the people with equity. These things belong to a conception of God and of His relations with men completely different from that of the Indian devotees. For them the ideal man is one who has reached a haven of tranquillity.

No wind of good or ill
Shall enter there,
But peace supremely still,
Supremely fair.

Equanimity is his supreme quality. He is near akin to the magnanimous man of Aristotle, but somewhat more anaemic perhaps and less disdainful. He looks with an equal mind upon 'a very courteous Brāhman, a dog or an out-caste man' (Bhag. v. 18). His compassion is measured and controlled and strong feeling never agitates his soul. In Tukārām's description of the man who is 'God's own counterfeit' we have the Indian ideal at its very best, one conscious of duty to others but not urgently or passionately moved to discharge it, more concerned with the cultivation of a placid temper in himself than with the wrongs and sorrows of other men.

Is there a man who says of all—
Whether upon them sorrow fall,

[1] Ps. xv.

Or whether joy—' These, these are mine '?
That is the saint: Mark well the sign.
God dwells in him. The good man's breast
Is of all men's the tenderest.
Is any helpless or undone?
Be he a slave, be he a son :—
On all alike he mercy shows,
On all an equal love bestows.
How oft must I this tale repeat!
That man is God's own counterfeit.

There is much that is singularly attractive in this picture, especially to those who suffer from the fever and the fret of modern western life. As described by one who was deeply distressed by the futile agitations of our pursuits, we

Glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our souls
Before we die.

The surge of all anger and passion is to be by the Indian saint most anxiously avoided.

Thou pervading Brahman art,
How should anger fill thy heart?

' Calm is life's crown,' says Tukārām, contradicting by anticipation Matthew Arnold.

It follows inevitably from this difference in the ideal of the holy life and in the conception of the character of God that the Indian saints have no vision of a world judged or a world redeemed. Their horizon is very narrow and limited and their god is their own personal god, not the nation's or the world's. He is with them most often as a mother with her child or as a bridegroom with the bride—never as a King ruling a people in righteousness or as a Judge, ' the Most High over all the earth.' The choice for Hindu religion seems to lie between a provincial or village deity, on the one hand, and a *Brahman*, on the other, whose rule, if it can be called rule, may extend more widely but extends over an empty and silent land, a ' wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world. '

One most noticeable difference between the Indian and the Hebrew psalmists is that the former betray scarcely a trace of the fierce, Hebrew passion of revenge, of the spirit of vindictiveness, the cry for vengeance, that deforms so many of the Biblical

psalms. There is nothing in this Indian sacred poetry to correspond to the prayer, 'Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon thy name.' Though about the time when these worshippers of Vithoba sang their songs the Muhammadans were invading the land, breaking in pieces their gods and committing, we may be sure, many a crime, there is no cry to God in these poems for vengeance upon them. Nāmdev refers to these things, but with no anger: he has reached a region of indifference to such matters. 'A god of stone,' he says contemptuously, 'and a worshipper who is deceived . . . . Such gods were broken in pieces by the "Turks". They threw them into the river as all men know.' No doubt they would say to the Muhammadan marauder, as a 'holy man' is said to have said to a British soldier who stabbed him in the days of the Mutiny 'And thou, too, art He.' All feelings are diluted and all differences, even the difference of right and wrong, are harmonised in a world pervaded by an impersonal, unmoral spirit, likeness to whom—or which—is the highest attainment. This doctrine, we must remember, is behind even the theism of these saints, emptying their hearts of strong passions,—whether the desire for vengeance or the desire for justice, whether the desire to punish evil-doers or to save the perishing. Occasionally Tukārām's heart,—for it certainly is a very tender heart,—feels and recognises the claim that human need makes upon him—

> Can my heart unmovèd be,
> When before my eyes I see
> Drowning men?—

but this is a rare mood and very seldom expressed in his poems. His own need and his own concerns absorb him, and it is not his business to call down vengeance upon evil doers or to right the world's injustices.

What, then, is the essential difference between the religious contribution of the Hebrew and of the Hindu Psalmists? The answer is not to be found in the greater intensity of the desire for God or the subtler intellectual insight of the one group of saints or of the other. It is something that reaches deeper in what is beyond all else a moral universe. The Hebrew saints and prophets realised earlier and with a profounder grasp than any other people that it is only the pure in heart that can truly see God, that it is in 'mortal, moral strife' that He is alone

aright revealed. The way of moral progress, of the purging of the eye of the soul that can see God, is not the way of the conscience dulled and deadened and of the heart emptied of feeling. On the contrary it is by reinforcing the power in man to love righteousness and hate iniquity and by drawing his heart towards holiness that he is brought into any real divine fellowship. The conscience of the Hebrew psalmist is far from being fully enlightened: his personal enemies are often reckoned as God's enemies and his private vendetta given a divine sanction. But the Jew is more deeply right than any other people in building everything ultimate in his universe upon the distinction between right and wrong. 'There is nothing in the world or out of it that is good except a good will.' The Hebrew saints built all their dreams and hopes of God and of the eternal world of 'stuff o' the conscience', and for that reason they built what has endured.

The saints of *bhakti* not infrequently indeed make moral affirmations that prove them to have had glimpses of this highway to the presence of God. Especially is this true of Tukārām. One couplet of his has acquired the familiarity of a proverb among Marāthā's and must have taught them many a lesson of sincerity and straightforwardness.

> He whose words and acts agree
> Let his footsteps praisèd be.

Still more striking is another passage in which he describes the heart to which God makes Himself known: 'Pity, patience, calm—that is God's dwelling-place.' There is, no doubt, more breadth and exaltation, as well as a far profounder sense of human sin and the alienation that it brings, in the Hebrew prophet's declaration, 'Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy. I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also who is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite one.'[1] For he knows, and Tukārām does not, that 'the sacrifices of God are a broken heart.' There are not here, as St. Augustine says of the non-Christian saints of his day, 'the tears of penitence' through whose veil alone may sinful man discern the face of God.

[1] Isa. lvii. 15.

## THE MARKS OF A CHRISTIAN

### By the Rev. John McKenzie, M.A.

*Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.* James i. 27.

THIS is not a definition of religion. There are many words in the New Testament for which we have no English equivalents, and the Greek word which is here translated religion is one of them. What St. James is talking about is not religion in itself but its outward expression, not its soul but its body. The word which he uses is the word that is used for all the ritual and ceremonial observances in which any religion expresses itself—the cultus. And the question he seeks to answer is—What is the Christian cultus? In what outward forms does the Christian religion manifest itself? In the judgment of God, he answers, clean and unsoiled religion expresses itself in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction and keeping one's self from the stain of the world.

It may be of interest in passing to remark that it is this side of religion with which chiefly St. James is concerned throughout his epistle. Some people have felt accordingly that he taught something less than the Gospel. Martin Luther, thinking specially of what he says of faith and works, declared that it was an epistle of straw and ought never to have been included in the New Testament. This was a very superficial view for one of Luther's extraordinary insight. There are times when it is very essential to bring people back to the elementary duties of Christian living, and this is what James did. The great central truths of religion were there, and he implicitly acknowledges them. But there were people who professed to be Christians, who said they had faith, who met from week to week for worship, who were yet living lives that

were far from being fully Christian. They thought that all this was religious observance. James does not say that it is not, but he tells them that the true observance of the Christian religion involves other things to which they had given too little attention.

The question before us, then, concerns the conduct of the Christian man or woman. I wonder how many people have ever put seriously to themselves the question what it means to be a Christian. We constantly speak of acts as Christian or un-Christian; we may review our own lives occasionally in the light of the teaching of the New Testament. But to put it moderately, there are a great many people in any Christian community who have never thought through the question of the meaning of the Christian religion for life. It may be intellectual sloth that is the explanation, or it may be moral and spiritual sloth or cowardice, or it may be something else. In any case, the fact remains that there are in the membership of the Christian Church many people who would have difficulty in saying what in the judgment of God is the kind of conduct that ought to be found in a Christian man.

There are, of course, people who tell us that the first and main thing is some sort of connexion with the Church as an organized institution, partaking of its sacraments and joining in its services. There is a good deal in that but it does not carry us very far on. The people to whom James wrote were doing all these things, but they had not, many of them, at any rate, attained to what he calls a clean and unsoiled religion. It was better than the unclean and filthy cults that flourished in parts of the world then, and that still flourish to-day. But the most beautiful ritual and the most orthodox doctrine do not in themselves serve to take us through the most elementary stage of Christian observance. Now, I do not suppose there are many people who have so little understood the Gospel of Christ as to suppose that here we have the whole body of Christian duty, but there has always been, at some times more than at others, a tendency to a false emphasis. People have in their own hearts regarded religion as something that is more for Sunday than for Monday, more for the Church than for the workshop or the office. St. James makes it clear to them, and we need continually to be reminded of the fact, that Christianity is a life.

What kind of a life? Here again there is misunderstanding.

You know how some people have interpreted it. There are many, even to-day, who would detail the duty of a Christian man very largely in negative commands. Some of these are of the simple and elementary kind that are usually taken for granted. A Christian is one who abstains from violence, from lying and gross dishonesty, from drunkenness and sins of the flesh. We are all familiar with this conception of the Christian life. If we were told regarding any one whom we had never met that the most outstanding thing about him was that he was a Christian, what would we think of him? Should we picture him as a large-souled man from whose society we expected to get something that would really make life greater and richer, or should we think of him as one with a petty soul, narrow and censorious, who would probably disapprove of us and of most of our ways? Now, St. James says that one of the marks of the Christian life is that one keep himself unspotted from the world. There shall not enter into the kingdom of God anything that defileth or that worketh abomination or that maketh a lie. But no writer in the New Testament says that that is the whole of Christianity. Jesus himself spoke the truth with great earnestness to very respectable members of the religious society of those days, men, remember, who kept themselves as free from coarse sins as any religious people ever did. He said to the Pharisees, 'The publicans and harlots' (very evil people, remember, whose sins were a scandal to all decent citizens), 'they go into the kingdom of heaven before you.' No man ever found salvation through not doing things, and one of the most tragic of all the products of the work of the Church is to be found in men and women of that pale, anæmic type of religion that merely consists in *not* doing things.

St. James puts something else in the forefront in his description of the Christian life, the visiting of the fatherless and widows. The Christian life is a positive life. It manifests itself in the doing of certain great positive things that are good, not merely in the abstaining from things that are evil. But even this teaching has been perverted and the practice of Christian charity turned into a kind of a ritual. There are people who think of positive Christian duty as a very narrow and restricted thing as concerned with the visiting of the poor and afflicted, the putting of salves here and there on the sores of society. Widows and orphans particularly are the care of the Church. And there are some who are comforted to think that the demands made upon them are so

restricted. But James chooses the widows and orphans merely as a type of the objects of Christian service. In the small, despised, struggling Christian communities of that day, the service of those who were in great affliction was recognized as a duty, and the widows and the fatherless in particular were treated as a class that had a special claim on their help. But James himself emphasises the wider claims that are made by Christ on any Christian man. He speaks particularly of a duty to the poor; and he speaks of righteousness and justice in business relations. But even here he only hints at the boundless obligations that are laid upon the Christian. But all the illustrations he takes are merely illustrations of a great principle of Christian activity and service which must always be central in all religious observance.

The applications of this principle we can work out for our selves. If it be our duty to visit the fatherless and the widows, then surely it must also be our duty to visit and help others who may be in distress who are neither fatherless nor widows. And it must surely also be our duty to seek the bringing in of conditions that will make distress less inevitable to so many of our fellow men. Our duty begins with those who are nearest to us our servants, our pupils, our workmen, our employees, the people with whom we do business. What difference does it make to those people that they have to deal with men and women who profess to be Christians? There is something wrong with our Christianity if it does not make a very great difference. And our religion must carry us farther than that. Our Lord founded a kingdom that can find its final consummation only in eternity, but that is being built here and now. What part are we taking in the building of it? Are we content to follow or to tolerate evil, unjust, oppressive customs just because they are comfortable or convenient, or are we putting the whole weight of our Christian conviction and character into the work of bringing in the new heaven and new earth?

These are serious questions, but in these days there are few questions that are more important. We are continually being told that the Church has failed, and we all know that it is true. It has always been failing. The failure is not with the Gospel of Christ. It has not been outgrown. The terrible truth is that it has never been lived. There have been great Christian men and women, and there have been great classes of men and women who have manifested in their lives some of the features of the

Christian life. But the body of nominally Christian people, the Church, has never manifested the spirit of Christian devotion and service that Jesus looked for in His disciples. So that nowadays it is possible for people at home who are outside the Church to think of those who belong to the Church as a self-righteous and selfish people whom it is very unpleasant to have anything to do with. And in this land of India where tens of thousands of people are every day being brought into contact with professing Christians, with ourselves and people like us, there are things said and thought of Christianity that we hardly like to think of.

When Jesus went about among men He met opposition enough, but the opposition He had to meet came from different quarters. Wherever there were men and women who were in earnest about truth and righteousness and justice, and wherever there were those who were in need or distress there He was welcomed. For they were drawn to His great heart of love. The disciple is not greater than his Lord. The world needs to-day such disciples with hearts fired by Him to a boundless charity. If we were such those about us would be drawn to Him.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROFESSOR HENRI BERGSON

## By the Rev. A. Robertson, M.A.

ADDISON somewhere causes his Spectator to remark that 'a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author.' It was, perhaps, the fact underlying this remark which inspired that far more penetrating sentence in *Sartor Resartus*, 'to state the philosophy of Clothes without the philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdrock without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension?' Now if a statement describing the outward appearance of a philosopher were any aid to the understanding of the inner meaning of his ideas, we should find it easy enough to comprehend the Philosophy of Professor Henry Bergson, for perhaps never since the time Plato instilled a passion for reasoning into the courtiers of the Tyrant of Syracuse, has a teacher of philosophy received more public favour than M. Bergson. No French philosopher since Descartes has been during his lifetime so widely and so deservedly discussed throughout Europe. Not many philosophers become popular enough to have their portraits published by illustrated newspapers outside their own country.

A writer in the *New York Independent* gives the following pen portrait of M. Bergson as he lectures before a public crowd at the College de France: 'A cosmopolitan crowd it is that on Wednesdays awaits the lecturer. The polyglot audience is silent as M. Bergson ascends the rostrum, and begins to talk in slow smooth tones, accented by nervous gestures of his slender hands. His figure is slight, and his face thin and pointed, almost ecclesiastical in appearance. His hair is slightly grey but his close-cropped moustache is brown. The eyes are deep, dark and penetrating, the eyes of seer and scientist together.'

We are told that in the outer life of Bergson there has been nothing extraordinary to explain the uniqueness of his thought. His life seems to have pursued the even course of a successful scholar. He is still comparatively young for a man of his world-wide reputation, for he was born at Paris in October of the year 1859. He passed through the usual stages of French academic life, being admitted *agrege de philosophie* at the age of twenty-two, and *docteur es lettres* eight years later. From the year 1881 he has occupied chairs of philosophy in various provincial and Parisian schools. Since 1900 he has been Professor at the College de France. The most luminous remark on the mental development of Bergson that I have found is made by Professor William James who informs us that Bergson came into philosophy through the gates of Mathematics, and that it was the antinomies that frequently meet the mathematical mind which awakened him from his dogmatic slumber.

Three of M. Bergson's chief books were published in English in the year 1911. The earliest of these, an essay on the immediate data of consciousness was first published at Paris in the year 1889. Its English title is *Time and Free Will.* His next book, which republished some of his articles to magazines and which appeared in 1896 is an essay on the relation between body and spirit. Its title is *Matter and Memory.* His book entitled *Creative Evolution* was published at Paris in the year 1907. Besides these he has published a book on Laughter, which is of considerable importance from a psychological point of view. This was translated into English and published in 1911. Besides these books Bergson has published numerous articles in philosophical journals. One of these has been published in English in 1913 under the title *An Introduction to Metaphysics.* An address on 'the Meaning of the War' appeared in English in 1915. His books have passed through several editions in France; and the literature that has gathered round his name in the languages of European culture is very extensive.

This kind of information is interesting, perhaps, but it is not luminous. It does not reveal the real man; and it is only a vision of the man himself that helps an understanding of the philosophy. One has the feeling that M. Bergson himself in himself is the best explanation of the philosophical bent of his mind, and we can only regret that we do not know him more intimately.

For our present purpose, however, such information is useful because it enables us to point a lesson in regard to the philosophy

of M. Bergson. When a philosopher speaks or writes in a lucid, limpid style, that breaks into picturesqueness over numerous attractive illustrations, the ordinary man lost in admiration thinks he fully understands the stream that sings its course before him; but those who wish to understand as well as to admire realize how difficult it is to be definite about everything that is embodied in a living stream. It is significant that the late Professor William James, who was chiefly instrumental in introducing M. Bergson to the majority of English readers, remarks: 'I have to confess that Bergson's originality is so profuse that many of his ideas baffle me entirely. I doubt whether any one understands him all over, so to speak; and I am sure that he would be himself the first to see that this must be, and to confess that things which he himself has not yet thought out clearly, had yet to be mentioned and have a tentative place assigned them in his philosophy.' This then is the first general lesson that the popularity of Bergson presents to us—his thought is not quite as simple as his popularity indicates. And the second lesson is like unto it, namely that those who do strive towards the inner meaning of this seer know that they do not understand him completely, just because they do to some extent understand him. It seems to me that on Bergson's own principles a philosophy which can be stated so as to satisfy an exactingly geometrical and logical mind is by that very logical perfection proved insufficient. To use his own words we may say in the spirit of his philosophy, 'The beliefs to which we most strongly adhere are those of which we should find it most difficult to give an account, and the reasons by which we justify them are seldom those which have led us to adopt them. In a certain sense we have adopted them without any reason, for what makes them valuable in our eyes is that they match the colour of all our other ideas and that from the very first we have seen in them something of ourselves. . . . If in proportion as we get away from the deeper strata of the self our conscious states tend more and more to assume the form of a numerical multiplicity, and to spread out in a homogeneous space, it is just because these conscious states tend to become more and more lifeless, more and more impersonal. Hence we need not be surprised if only those ideas, which least belong to us can be adequately expressed in words.'[1] Bergson in his search for the meaning of our life and its environment, and we in our endeavour to comprehend the mean-

[1] *Time and Free Will*, pp. 135, 136.

ing of Bergson's vision, are like the lover in one of Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics :*

Room after room
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her
Next time, herself—not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume
As she brushed it, the cornice wreath blossomed anew ;
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.
Yet the day wears
And door succeeds door ;
I try the fresh fortune—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
'Still the same chance. She goes out as I enter.
Spend my whole day in the quest ?—who cares ?
But 'tis twilight you see—with such suites to explore
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune.'

This elusiveness of a philosophy that insists on the elusiveness of the living stream of Being that not only endures, but because it endures is ever new in its forward flow, should not be singled out at the very beginning as an unpardonable fault. For after all what counts in philosophy and in life is not the mass of facts which can be arranged side by side ; philosophy does not aim at giving us solely, as the particular sciences seek to give each in its particular sphere, a tabulated result of detailed experiment and perceptual observation; philosophy is really one comprehensive experiment whereby we strive to strike that attitude of soul which will enable us to see and rejoice in the final meaning of our complex relation to our environment.

While I hint that the philosophy of Bergson is incomplete, I must warn you against thinking that he has not reached certain definite enough conclusions by detailed and sometimes logical and even mathematical argument. It is quite impossible, however, to trace in all even important cases the processes whereby Bergson reaches his conclusions that would be to reproduce his works one by one in detail. We must be content with a statement of his chief conclusions, if thereby we can delineate in outline that soul attitude which is characteristic of him and which we have just set up as the thing that really matters in philosophy.

If we should dare to express in a single sentence Bergson's most characteristic attitude in philosophy, we should say that his work is a vigorous protest against the tyranny of the *Idol of*

*Intellectualism.* He proves to us that the intellect is developed in the course of evolution as an instrument of action, and being only an aspect of the life process it 'is incapable of presenting the true nature of life, the full meaning of the evolutionary movement. . . . In fact we do feel that not one of the categories of our thought—unity, multiplicity, mechanical causality, intelligent finality, etc.—applies exactly to the things of life; who can say where individuality begins and ends, where the living being is one or many, whether it is the cells which associate themselves into the organism or the organism which dissociates itself into the cells? In vain we force the living into this or that one of our moulds. All the moulds crack. They are too narrow, above all too rigid, for what we try to put into them. Our reasoning, so sure of itself among things inert, feels ill at ease on this new ground.'[1] 'Must we then give up fathoming the depths of life? Must we keep to that mechanistic idea of which the understanding will always give us—an idea necessarily artificial and symbolical, since it makes the total activity of life shrink to the form of a certain human activity which is only a partial and local manifestation of life, a result or by-product of the vital process? We should have to do so, indeed, if life had employed all the psychical potentialities it possesses in producing pure understandings—that is to say, in making geometricians. But the line of evolution that ends in man is not the only one. On other paths, divergent from it, other forms of consciousness have been developed, which have not been able to free themselves from external constraints or to gain control over themselves, as the human intellect has done, but which none the less, also express something that is immanent and essential in the evolutionary movement. Suppose these other forms of consciousness brought together and amalgamated with intellect; would not the result be a consciousness as wide as life? And such a consciousness, turning around suddenly against the push of life which it feels behind, would have a vision of life complete—would it not?—even though the vision were fleeting.'[2]

In the animal mind we find action guided and served by a process which reaches its object immediately; we call it Instinct. Similarly in man action is not only served by intellect but life makes use of a power similar to instinct. This power supplements intellect. We call it Intuition. Bergson throughout his books

[1] *Creative Evolution*, p. x.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. xii, xiii.

insists that philosophy can be thoroughly successful only in so far as it is an activity that brings into play the wholeness of our psychic life. To him the philosopher not only reasons in the dialectic manner, he sees as does the *Rishi*. 'Human intelligence, as we represent it, is not at all what Plato taught in the allegory of the cave. Its function is not to look at passing shadows nor yet to turn itself round and contemplate the glaring sun. It has something else to do. Harnessed, like yoked oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles and joints, the weight of the plough and the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we are acting, to come into touch with reality and even to live it, but only in the measure in which it concerns the work that is being accomplished and the furrow that is being ploughed, such is the function of human intelligence. Yet a beneficient fluid bathes us, whence we draw the very force to labour and to live. From this ocean of life in which we are immersed, we are continually drawing something, and we feel that our being, or at least the intellect that guides it, has been formed therein by a kind of local concentration. Philosophy can only be an effort to dissolve again into the whole. Intelligence, reabsorbed into its principle, may thus live back again its own genesis. But the enterprise cannot be achieved in one stroke; it is necessarily collective and progressive. It consists in an interchange of impressions which, correcting and adding to each other, will end by expanding the humanity in us and making us even transcend it.[1]

Here perchance there occurs to us the objection of which Bergson is fully aware, that we are able thus to transcend the intellect only by the instrumentality of the intellect itself, and that therefore we are shut up in a circular process of reasoning that destroys itself like the mythical snake that devours itself beginning at the tail. 'It is of the essence of reasoning to shut us up in the circle of the given. But action breaks the circle. . . . . So, in theory, there is a kind of absurdity in trying to know otherwise than by intelligence; but if the risk be frankly accepted, action will perhaps cut the knot that reasoning has tied and will not unloose.'[2] From all which it seems to appear that M. Bergson is not only a Seer in so far as he is philosophical but he is also to some extent what Professor James called a Pragmatist.

In the passage which I have just quoted regarding the method of philosophy he speaks of 'an effort to dissolve again into the

[1] *Creative Evolution*, pp. 201, 202.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 203.

whole.' I do not think this is to be taken as an indication of a monistic tendency in Bergson's thought, for the trend of his system is rather towards a kind of Pluralism. This will become more and more clear as we proceed into the heart of his system. But at the present juncture we may remark definitely that he conceives of being as a living stream which has some at least of the characteristics which we find in consciousness, and that division is a constant tendency in life. The fact of the matter is that the terms Monism and Pluralism are misleading unless we understand clearly what we mean by them. There is more than one kind of unity and there is more than one kind of multiplicity.

The mention of this fact draws us towards the earliest of the books of Bergson, that which in English bears the title, *Time and Free Will.* It is really more correctly designated by its French title which is made the sub-title in the English edition. It is an essay on the immediate data of consciousness as we saw at the beginning. The object of the book is to examine and analyse that which is given if anything is given. The results that emerge after the process of examination are Time and Free Will. Bergson's problem and his mental attitude are just those of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.* The results which he reaches are partly those of Kant, but he goes beyond the *Critique of Pure Reason* in the matter of Freedom and assures by the method of the *Critique of Pure Reason* what the great German conserved only in the *Critique of Practical Reason.* But in the matter of Time Bergson differs entirely from Kant and from the whole line of mathematicians. The conception of Time and the kindred idea of Freedom form the foundation of Bergson's whole system. It is just here that he is most difficult to follow and it is here that he has made for himself a right to be classed in the front rank of philosophers. Perhaps when the next History of European Philosophy shall have been written this Frenchman shall appear as occupying a place only parallel by that of the great German. In *Time and Free Will* Bergson is not concerned to controvert Kant or any other thinker; but when he finds modern psychology almost unanimous in the opinion that we perceive external things through the medium of forms supplied by our own consciousness, he feels constrained to raise the obverse question, whether it is not really the fact that some of our ideas of our inner consciousness are not determined by ideas borrowed from the external world? Thus he finds that we are in our experience dealing with

two kinds of magnitude under one name. We conceive a magnitude such as a mountain and call it extensive; we likewise speak of sensations and other mental processes as more or less intense. By this intensity we usually mean a greater and less as in the case of the extended object. Indeed on this assumption is built up the whole modern system of psychophysics, whereby Fechner and those inspired by his teaching essay to measure by means of the Differential and the Integral Calculus the degrees by which mental processes increase according as their stimulus is increased. Bergson points out with considerable detail of argument and analysis that does not eschew even the Calculus that there are two kinds of magnitude. The sensation of light which corresponds to the stimulus of 1,000 candles is a different sensation in the matter of quality from that which corresponds to the stimulus of, say, one candle. The cause of the confusion whereby we think what we call intensity to be a magnitude of the same kind as the magnitude of extension is this, that our consciousness while giving the form of space to the manifold of sense gets in the process converted into quantitative ways, so that when it turns back upon itself it finds quantitative distinctions where as a matter of truth there are only qualitative ones. 'Thus, when we speak of the intensity of a sound of medium force as a magnitude, we allude principally to the greater or less effort which we should have ourselves to expend in order to summon by our own effort the same auditory sensation. Now besides the intensity, we distinguish another characteristic property of the sound, its pitch. Are the differences in pitch, such as our ear perceives, quantitative differences? I grant that a sharper sound calls up the picture of a higher position in space. But does it follow from this that the notes of the scale, as auditory sensations, differ otherwise than in quality? Forget what you have learned from Physics, examine carefully your idea of a higher or lower note, and see whether you do not think simply of the greater or less effort which the tensor muscle of your vocal chords has to make in order to produce the note? As the effort by which your voice passes from one note to another is discontinuous, you picture to yourself these successive notes as points in space, to be reached by a series of sudden jumps, in each of which you cross an empty separating interval; this is why you establish intervals between the notes of the scale. Now why is the line along which we dispose them vertical rather than horizontal and why do we say that the sound ascends in some cases and descends in others? It must be remembered that the

high notes seem to us to produce some sort of resonance in the head, and the deep notes in the thorax; this perception, whether real or illusory, has undoubtedly had some effect in making us reckon the intervals vertically. But we must also notice that the greater the tension of the vocal chords in the chest voice, the greater is the surface of the body affected, if the singer is inexperienced; this is just the reason why the effort is felt by him as more intense. And as he breathes the air upwards he will attribute the same direction to the sound produced by the current of air; hence the sympathy of a larger part of the body with the vocal muscles will be represented by a movement upwards. We shall thus say that the note is higher because the body makes an effort as though to reach an object which is more elevated in space. In this way it became customary to assign a certain height to each note of the scale, and as soon as the physicist was able to define it by the number of vibrations in a given time to which it corresponds, we no longer hesitated to declare that our ear perceived differences of quantity directly. But the sound would remain a pure quality if we did not bring in the muscular effort which produces it or the vibrations which explain it.' [1]

Similarly when we examine the concept of multiplicity, we find that it has two faces. The multiplicity that we predicate of objects in space is something of another kind from that which we predicate of conscious processes. The conception of number is applicable to objects in space, but the multiplicity of states of consciousness cannot be regarded as numerical without the help of some symbolical representation in which a necessary element is space. [2]

'As a matter of fact each of us makes a distinction between these two kinds of multiplicity whenever he speaks of the impenetrability of matter. We sometimes set up impenetrability as a fundamental property of bodies, known in the same way and put on the same level as, e.g. weight or resistance. But a purely negative property of this kind cannot be revealed by our senses; indeed certain experiments in mixing and combining things might lead us to call it in question if our minds were not already made up on the point. Try to picture one body penetrating another: you will at once assume that there are empty spaces in the one which will be occupied by the particles of the other; these

[1] *Time and Free Will*, pp. 45, 46.
[2] Ibid., p. 87.

particles in their turn cannot penetrate one another unless one of them divides in order to fill up the interstices of the other; and our thought will prolong this operation indefinitely in preference to picturing two bodies in the same place. Now if impenetrability were really a quality of matter which was known by the senses, it is not at all clear why we should experience more difficulty in conceiving two bodies merging into one another than a surface devoid of resistance or a weightless fluid. In reality it is not a physical, but a logical necessity which attaches to the proposition: "Two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time". The contrary assertion involves an absurdity which no conceivable experience could succeed in dispelling. In a word it implies a contradiction. But does not this amount to recognizing that the very idea of the number two or more generally, of any number whatever, involves the idea of juxtaposition in space? We thus believe that we are adding something to the idea of two or more objects by saying that they cannot occupy the same place; as if the idea of the number 2 even the abstract number were not already as we have shown that of two different positions in space. Hence to assert the impenetrability of matter is simply to recognize the inter-connexion between the notions of number and space, it is to state a property of number rather than of matter. Yet, it will be said, do we not count feelings, sensations, ideas, all of which permeate one another, and each of which for its part, takes up the whole of the soul? Yes, undoubtedly; but just because they permeate one another, we cannot count them unless we represent them by homogeneous units which occupy separate positions in space and consequently no longer permeate one another.'[1]

[1] *Time and Free Will*, pp. 88, 89.

# A HISTORY OF THE MARATHA PEOPLE[1]

## By Professor N. S. Takakhav, M.A.

IN the centenary year of the final downfall of the Marāṭhā power, the student of Marāṭhā History has two new publications placed before him. They deal with the subject from its two opposite terminal points. The period of the dissolution and downfall of the Marāṭhā Power is discoursed upon by a Marāṭhā (Brāhman) scholar in the Marāṭhī language—*The Marāṭhās and the English*, by Mr. N. C. Kelkar. The period of the first beginning and growth of that power is dealt with by an Englishman in the English language, with the assistance of an erudite Marāṭhā (Brāhman) scholar—we mean Messrs. Kincaid and Parasnis. These works come very opportunely before the public. They are ushered into the world at a time when an enthusiastic interest is taken throughout the British Empire in the Indian Army and the Indian people, a result to which the Marāṭhā people and the Marāṭhā soldiers fighting under the British flag have made no small contribution. Mr. Kincaid's book could not have been presented to the reading public at a more auspicious time than the present. For the present time is the season of the recognition of mutual worth and good will.

The author may be congratulated upon the accomplishment of such a work amidst the stress of the War. The publication of the work must have been an arduous enterprise both to the authors and the publishers. The first volume, which only is now before us, deals with what may be called the Elizabethan age of Marāṭhā History and Literature, the period of invention and foundation, from the earliest times to the death of Shivājī. The second volume is yet in embryo. It promises to deal with the Augustan Age of Marāṭhā History, the period of growth and expansion, from the death of Sambhājī to the Battle of Pānipat.

1 By C. A. Kincaid and D. B. Parasnis, vol. i. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, Bombay.)

The third volume will be a chronicle of dissolution and disaster from the Battle of Pānipat to the flight and expulsion of the last Peshwa.

Judging by the volume before us, it may be predicted that the history will be a welcome addition to the library of the reader of Marāṭhā History. It corrects and supplements Grant Duff, but, be it stated in all frankness, it will never supersede Grant Duff. Duff died sixty years ago and published his monumental work on the History of the Marāṭhās more than ninety years ago. Since then much has been said and written had discovered about the Marāṭhās. Grant Duff himself had a rich quarry of first-hand materials at his command and he made skilful use of it, and produced a work which will endure in spite of many mis-statements and many prejudices. His judgements will have to be revised in many matters of detail, as is but most natural. His whole outlook on the history of the Marəṭhā people and their mission in the evolution of Indian society will have to be changed and has in part been changed. The late Mr. Justice Ranade in his *Rise of the Marāṭhā Power*, notwithstanding a little exaggeration here, and a little mis-statement there, has successfully laid bare before the English reader vast regions in the history of Marāṭhā thought and action, still awaiting exploration and research, about the very existence of which Grant Duff was in absolute ignorance. Grant Duff's history is vitiated from end to end by the spirit of uncompromising severity which he brought to bear in all his judgements about the Marāṭhās. Against the Marāṭhā character, in all the stages of its evolution and in all the spheres in which it was displayed, he seemed to place himself in a position of hostile antipathy. If, on the one hand, he was in a position to have access to authentic and first-hand state records and documents, on the other hand, he was placed under the necessity of forming his judgements on the Marāṭhā character and capacity from his observation of those debased and effeminate types of Marāṭhā character that lost the Marāṭhā empire and of whose moral perversities and obtuseness to finer feelings of piety or patriotism, he had received proof *ad nauseam* in his daily official life. These experiences have mirrored themselves in his pages, which therefore cannot reflect the full splendour and glory of the Marāṭhā name. Then again the Marāṭhā reader of Grant Duff's history is painfully conscious of the fact that his monumental work, written within the first decade of the overthrow of the Marāṭhā power, is an *ex parte*

verdict of the conquering nation against the conquered. In the imagination of the Marāṭhā reader, Grant Duff seems to play the part of a self-appointed coroner sitting on the prostrate form of the Marāṭhā empire, immediately after the final paroxysm of death, for a pitiless *post mortem* examination. But after all is said, Grant Duff's history remains a monument of a patient work, constructed with business-like craftsmanship and with immense toil and labour, if without much regard for decorative effects. And it has not been yet surpassed, and will not be surpassed for many a year, as a text-book for the higher study of Marāṭhā History. It will certainly not be surpassed by the volume before us. For whatever the merits of this work of Mr. Kincaid's may be—and they are considerable— it has this blemish that it does not possess that gravity of tone and seriousness of presentation which are essential in any work of history that is to be accepted as a text-book.

Mr. Kincaid's work is written in a pleasant, chatty style that reminds us that it might have been written, chapter after chapter, as so many articles for a monthly magazine. Each chapter is crammed with an abundance of entertaining material, myths and romances being fairly as prominent in bulk and in interest as the historical episodes themselves. And then as to historical episodes, what could be more romantic and sensational than the exploits of the adventurous Shivājī and his devoted followers? Mr. Kincaid throughout evinces a breathless anxiety to present his narrative in an artistic and attractive style, so that he that runs may read, and read only to admire. Each chapter appears like a rapid survey, full of condensed sketches and descriptions where the student of history longs to learn more, and of unexpected excursions into foreign history or scene-painting or portraiture as regards topics which are perfectly familiar to the ordinary student of history. However, action, verve and rapidity are the dominant notes of each chapter and of the entire book. A good deal of the old Grant Duff narrative appears in its pages in a condensed form. A good deal that is new, as for example, Chapters XI and XVII, the one entitled, 'The Paṇḍharpūr Movement', the other 'Tukārām and Rāmdās' might fitly be considered as necessary appendices to the general frame-work of Grant Duff's history. Throughout the book, we witness a marked tendency to avoid lengthy controversy, criticism, and argument. One or two pithy arguments, sometimes bordering on the platitudinous and often resting on mere hypothesis, suffice

to establish a new point of view or to correct some familiar misstatement in Grant Duff or Ranade. As regards much that is new the authors are indebted to Mr. V. K. Rajawade, the prince of research workers in the domain of Marāṭhā history, and to the valuable papers in the possession of the joint-author, Mr. R. B. Parasnis.

Mr. Kincaid must have learnt while reading his Horace that it is not artistic in an epic poet to begin the tale of Troy from the eggs of Leda, and that it is quite enough for his purpose if, like Homer before him, he begins with the wrath of Achilles. But what is a rule of good taste in the realm of poetry is an impediment in the domain of history, and rightly therefore has Mr. Kincaid begun his history straight from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, after taking the reader cursorily to Rome and Greece, and Egypt and Assyria on an antiquarian excursion. The result of seven pages of investigation and excursion brings us to a true derivation of the name *Mahārāṣṭra*. In the second chapter we come to learn about the Andhra Kings, the Śālivāhan *Shaka* era, and the evolution of the Marāṭhī language, with another digression, that takes us again to Hellenic Egypt. And so we come to the earlier Chalukyas and the Rāṣṭrakutas, the later Chalukyas, and the Yādavas of Devagiri who are discoursed upon up to the fifth chapter. All through we find the same sustained and rapid narrative, condensing what the authors have gleaned from Sir R. Bhandarkar, Dr. Fleet, and Mr. Vincent Smith. This is carried too far and is very tantalizing to the serious student, who is denied further information just at the point when he finds something of interest. On the other hand, the author gives a free reign to his fancy and is more lavish of space in sketching pictures of political movements in the world abroad and fitting them in to his frame-work of Marāṭhā History. These digressions deal with matters which are quite familiar to the student of history and encroach on the space which in justice ought to have been bestowed on controversial topics. But the frequent changes of scene are deliberately sought after. They give to the book all the zest it possesses. They give it the character of romance.

The next four chapters deal with the Muḥammedan conquest. The author has not thought it fit to give the honour of a separate chapter to the Adilshahi kings. This brings us to chapter xi, which in its six pages gives us half a dozen miracle stories about Puṇḍalik, Dñyānadev, and Nāmdev and leads us to the conclusion

more brilliantly stated by Mr. Justice Ranade that the saints of Paṇḍharpūr, and the religious movement with which they were associated 'made ready the path for the national hero who was to free Mahārāṣṭra from the foreign yoke.' Here we have an apt illustration of the observation we have made above that the author refuses point-blank to enter into controversy when controversy seems inevitable. Ever since Mr. Justice Ranade gave currency to this hypothesis in his *Rise of the Marāṭhā Power*, a storm of criticism has been raised over the question. Even such an historical scholar as Mr. V. K. Rajawade who clings firmly to the theory that Rāmdās Swāmi, was the inspirer of Shivājī's great work of independence, fails to subscribe to the creed that the theistic and philosophical propaganda of the Mahārāṣṭra saints had any direct operative effect on the political regeneration of the country, and the same opinion was recently maintained in the April and May numbers of the Marāṭhī magazine *Navayuga*, by a critic while reviewing Mr. N. C. Kelkar's historical work referred to above. Mr. C. A. Kincaid may be privileged to plead ignorance, but surely his coadjutor, Mr. Parasnis, cannot claim that privilege. No reference is made to the refutation of this hypothesis by Mr. Keluskar in his well-known *Life of Shivājī* in Marāṭhī published in 1907 or to the opinions of Mr. Sardesai as expressed in 1915 edition of his *Marathi Riyasat*.

The eleven chapters briefly reviewed above take up 108 pages and may be said to constitute the first half of the volume. The remainder of the book up to page 278, that is, a matter of some 170 pages, is taken up with the triumphs of Shivājī and the Bhonsle House. The authors do not seem to have appreciated the Rājā Shahājī's earlier career at its full worth. It is disposed of in a hasty sketch of about five pages, while as a set off to that economy of space we have a full page description of the beauties of modern Poona, with its cantonments, and Government House, and the G.I.P. Railway that runs on the east to Calcutta (*sic*), the Poona Gymkhana, the Bund, and the Council Hall. Where was the need for all this description? The history is dedicated to the Marāṭhā people and they don't want a long description of modern Poona, especially if more space is to be denied to important matters of history. The authors do not seem to agree with the modern hypothesis which ascribes the credit of Shivājī's bid for independence in a large measure to the active support and inspiration of his guardian, Dadaji Kondadev. But the reader of

Mr. Kincaid's History will never have any cause to suspect that such an opinion or hypothesis exists or has ever been expressed. With the help of the original papers published in Mr. Rajwade's fifteenth volume, Shivājī's preparations for independence are traced from the year 1643. Then follows a rapid survey of that brilliant career from the fall of Torna Fort. The mention of Chandra Rao More of Javli offers a temptation for a one page description of the summer capital of the Bombay Presidency. Then follows an account of the plot against Chandra Rao More, and his murder by Shivājī's envoys. The authors observe that Shivājī had not authorized the acts of his envoys. This is the sole defence attempted in chapter xv, but more is said about the matter in chapter xxiii, and what is said in the latter chapter at page 272 does not seem to square with the early version at page 151. We fail to see why the author has not incorporated the latter version in its proper place at pages 150, 151. Then again the name of Shivājī's envoy sent upon the mission to More is given as Ragho Ballal Atre. This is a mistake for another Ragho Ballal of the surname Korde (*vide* Sardesai's *Marathi Riyasat* 1915 edition, foot-note, pages 238, 239).

The authors have vindicated Shivājī from the charge of the unprovoked murder of Afzalkhan in a well-reasoned Appendix at page 164. All the Marāṭhā chronicles practically agree that the attack was begun by Afzal Khan and Shivājī had to act in self-defence, and the authors wisely observe that such was the misguided enthusiasm of the Marāṭhā chronicle writers that had it been otherwise, had Shivājī really been the first aggressor, they would have rather gloried in the act and stated the fact with exultation. On the other hand the account of Khaji Khan which Grant Duff follows, in defiance of the unanimous testimony of the Marāṭhī chronicles, has inconsistencies of its own which have been exposed before. Mr. Kincaid does not refer to previous defences of Shivājī; he does not even refer to the thoughtful article of Prof. Jadunath Sarkar on this subject in the *Modern Review*, 1907. Unfortunately Mr. Kincaid's own defence of Shivājī as regards this incident—generous and whole-hearted as it is, as coming from an Englishman—is vitiated by the admission of a worthless piece of evidence, which he presents at the end of his argument as what he considers the most conclusive evidence, in favour of the testimony of the Marāṭhī *Bakhars*. That argument rests on a passage in Hạnmant's Life of Rāmdās. We are told

here that soon after the Afzal Khan incident Shivājī met his spiritual preceptor Rāmdās Swāmi, and while giving an account of the incident told him that when Afzal Khan caught him under his arm, he was not in his senses and but for the Swāmi's blessing he could not have escaped from his grip. This is proof conclusive, according to Mr. Kincaid, that Afzal Khan, and not Shivājī, was guilty of treachery. Unfortunately, as it will be seen in what follows, there are grave reasons to doubt whether Shivājī had entered into bonds of spiritual discipleship to Rāmdās Swāmi so early as 1658, the date of the Afzal Khan incident.

For the rest we find that Mr. Kincaid has a good argument in favour of the view that it was the fort of Vishalgad and not Rangana to which Shivājī escaped from Panhālla, and which was the scene of the self-sacrificing heroism of the loyal Prabhu vateran, Bāji Deshpānde. A good case is likewise made in favour of Agra, and not Delhi, as the Mogul capital to which Shivājī went on the invitation of Aurangzebe. Both these corrections of Grant Duff's text have been previously noticed by Marāṭhī scholars. The capture of Sinhagad is described at great length, and here a curious light is thrown on the historical method pursued by Mr. Kincaid. The four pages of Mr. Kincaid's enthusiastic story of the death of Tanaji Malusare are based upon the well-known Pawada, or Ballad of Tulasidas Shahir, with all its absurdities and exaggerations, telling us minutely the number of cows and sheep the Rajput Ude Bhan consumed at each meal, and other information equally edifying. This is the text of Mr. Kincaid's story of Sinhagad, the same as the subject matter of Mr. Hari Narayan Apte's well-known novel, to which however the author makes no reference. At the end of the whole recital, we have a foot-note in these words: 'A less romantic but more probable story is to be found in the *Sabhasad Bakhar, etc.*' Now the point of our criticism is this: what seems evidently the more probable story, and as such is followed by Grant Duff and every other historian, is banished from the text and relegated to a foot-note of *five-lines*, because, we suppose, it is less romantic, and on the other hand a bewildering farrago of absurdities and exaggerations, because it is 'more romantic' and weird and startling, is not only incorporated into the text, but lengthened out to the inordinate length of almost as many pages. And *mutatis mutandis* a similar criticism may be made of many other situations and episodes in this history.

The story of Shivājī's southern campaign is reduced to the narrow limits of a dozen pages and the original letters of Shivājī to his half-brother Venkoji published by Mr. Parasnis in the *Itihas Sangraha*, have not been thought worthy of inclusion in this history to which he has lent his name as joint-author, notwithstanding the fact that some of these letters, especially the one addressed to Raghunath Pant Hanmante, describing the terms of treaty, reveal the consummate statesmanship of the great king. There is no reference to these letters except the one translated by Grant Duff, which even is not quoted. As a set off to this omission, however, we have appendices at pages 149, 178, 214 and 224, giving brief summaries of the letters of Shaha Jahan and Aurangazebe to Shivājī and also a letter of Shivājī to Shahājī, but no references are given whatever to the sources from which these epistles have been taken.

The subject that calls for special criticism is that of the relations between Shivājī and Rāmdās Swāmi. Mr. Kincaid assigns the year 1649 as the date when Shivājī first met Rāmdās Swāmi and became his spiritual disciple. Now Mr. Kincaid must have known that this is another subject about which there has been a storm of criticism among Marāṭhī authors. But not a word is said to give the least hint to the reader that there is any other view on the subject. No reference is made to the *Divakar Gosavi* papers published by Mr. G. K. Chandorkar in the *Kesari*, in its issue of June 26, 1906, which distinctly points to the conclusion that this event took place so late as 1672 and prove beyond doubt that prior to 1658, at any rate, Shivājī had no knowledge absolutely about Rāmdās Swāmi. The subject is well discussed in Mr. Keluskar's *Life of Shivājī* (chapter xxix and xxxii) and Mr. Sardesai's Marāṭhī *Riyasat* (1915 edition, pages 110 to 115 and 498 to 506). It is some consolation to think that Mr. Kincaid does not allow the infatuation of the Rāmdās cult to blind him to such an extent as to ascribe to the Swāmi, as some enthusiastic admirers have done, the credit of Shivājī's glorious achievement by representing the Swāmi as the guide and inspirer, and the Marāṭha hero as the executor of his behests, or, in short, a mere puppet. There is no record in any of the extant Marāṭhī chronicles of Shivājī to show that the Swāmi took an active part in any of his disciple's political affairs. Professor Bhate of the Ferguson College, in his recent publication (Marāṭhī) *Sajjangad and Samartha Rāmdās*, has discussed the whole subject *de novo*,

published the authentic Chandorkar paper bearing on the subject and analysed the character and contents of the *Dās Bodh*. He has come to the decisive conclusion that the date of Shivājī's discipleship cannot be carried further back than 1672, by which time Shivājī had accomplished the major part of his noble enterprise, and, in consequence, the whole credit of that noble accomplishment, the inspiration and the aspiration both alike, belong entirely to Shivājī.

The supreme merit of Mr. Kincaid's work is his enthusiastic and unreserved admiration of the Marāṭhā people. Everything that belongs to Mahārāṣṭra comes in for its due share of praise—the Marāṭhī language, the Marāṭhā saints, the Marāṭhī chronicles, the Marāṭhī *pawadas* or ballads, the Marāṭhā hero Shivājī and the lesser Marāṭhā heroes that fought under his banner. The last chapter gives us a sympathetic insight into Shivājī's institutions and a generous appreciation of his noble character. And our only grievance is that this chapter should be so short and that it should contain so little that is new. Nevertheless the Marāṭhā reader will be glad to have even the *ipse dixit* of an Englishman, and that too of an Englishman of the position of Mr. Kincaid, when his voice is raised to sing the praises of the great founder of their nation and to denounce the wickedness of his enemies. The supreme fault of the work in the opinion of the present reviewer lies in the use of the romanticizing methods of history and a strange inequality in the apportionment of space for a consideration of controversial questions, many of which seem to have been passed over in silence, or brushed aside with sovereign contempt. And it may be added that though Mr. Kincaid has not taken up much space for a consideration of irrelevant topics, as for instance Mr. Rawlinson does in his monograph, where out of a volume of about 125 pages a dozen pages are devoted to a discussion of the Bactrian Greeks in India; still there is many a paragraph which seems to travel beyond the proper limits of the subject-matter, with the result that much relevant matter that might have been discussed in fuller detail has had to be dealt with in a summary way. As it is the Marāṭhā reader closes this volume with regret, for he would have wished (and when does he not so wish?) to hear more about Shivājī and his gallant companions. The book is written in a crisp, picturesque, and sparkling style—but will it sparkle for ever on the stretched fore-finger of all time? Not as history.

# PROFESSOR BHATE AND RĀMDAS

RĀMDĀS was one of the greatly honoured Saints of Mahārāṣṭra. He was born in 1608 and died in 1681. He has given a permanent form to his religious teachings by writing in verse a big work called *Dāsbodh.* It is divided into twenty parts which are called *Dashak;* and each *Dashak* again is divided into ten sections called *Samās,* each of which has on an average forty verses. As this saint happened to be a contemporary of Shivājī, the founder of the Marāṭhā Power, and as he had sought and obtained much patronage from Shivājī, it is strongly believed that he inspired and instructed Shivājī to win independence and set up *swarājya,* and that thus he was a political sage rather than a spiritual teacher.

Mr. G. C. Bhate, M.A. of Ferguson College, Poona, has recently published a small book in Marāṭhī the title of which is *Sajjangad and Samarth Rāmdās* in which he gives us a short but interesting description of *Sajjangad*, a hill fort near Satara, which has received its name because of Rāmdās's residence there for the last eight years of his life, i.e. from 1673 to 1681, at the request and under the patronage of Shivājī. The former name of the fort was Parali and when Aurangzebe took it in 1700 he gave it the name of Naurasatara, which never got currency in Mahārāṣṭra and the fort is now known as *Sajjangad.*

Mr. Bhate then proceeds to give us a very short summary of *Dāsbódh* the *magnum opus* of the saint, quoting select and pithy passages from almost all parts and sections of the work, which give a sufficient idea of the general trend of the saint's teachings. They of course largely coincide with the general teachings of other saints who preceded or followed him. They teach a kind of compromise between pure Vedantism and Vaishnavism, a compromise first attempted in the *Bhagvadgītā,* several centuries before Jñāneśvar who first wrote in Marāṭhī verse a commentary on the Gītā. Mr. Bhate also gives a very brief sketch of the saint's life, which he culls from a biography of the saint written 125 years after his death by Hanumān Swāmi, one of the descendants of the saint's elder brother who eventually came into possession of all the land granted by Shivājī and his successors.

Hanumān Swāmi of course, influenced by the general tendencies of those times, spares no pains to depict Rāmdās as a divine incarnation possessing miraculous powers. Mr. Bhate discredits this attempt and deprecates the popular tendency to accept such jargon as truth. In this praiseworthy attempt Mr. Bhate in the last few pages of his book under review very ably and dispassionately discusses and disposes of the very much contested question about the relation between Rāmdās and Shivājī. Here he proves conclusively that Rāmdās had nothing to do with the great work of winning independence from the Muḥammedan rule which Shivājī had undertaken and brought to a successful issue even before they met in 1672.

Grant Duff, the first historian of the Marāṭhās and other historians who largely drew upon his materials have implicitly believed Hanumān Swāmi's statement that Shivājī became a disciple and came under the influence of Rāmdās in 1649; and they were strengthened in this belief by the account given by two of the old biographers of Shivājī who, as Mr. Bhate rightly says, had copied in their books some of the incidents in connexion with the relations of Rāmdās and Shivājī from Hanumān Swāmi's book. Even the late Mr. M. G. Ranade in his work on *The Rise of the Marāṭhā Power* lent the weight of his authority to the popular notion. He even goes further and attempts in one of the chapters of his work to show what part the saints and poets of Mahārāṣṭra played in bringing about the upheaval which ended in the setting up of *swarājya* in Mahārāṣṭra. The futility of this attempt was first shown by Mr. K. A. Keluskar in his exhaustive biography of Shivājī (*vide* pp. 551 to 562, chap. xxxii of his work).

Mr. Keluskar, who had made a careful study of all the then available historical materials, had come upon a few letters which Mr. G. K. Chandorkar had got published in the *Kesari* (June 26, 1906). These letters were from the collection most carefully and superstitiously preserved by one of the descendents of Divakar Cosavi who was one of the chief disciples of Rāmdās and who had the management of the convents at Chafal and Sajjangad. On the strength of these genuine and authentic letters he proved that Shivājī had neither seen Rāmdās nor accepted his discipleship up to 1672, that is two years before Shivājī got himself installed as king of the Marāṭhās, and eight years before his death, while Hanumān Swāmi and his followers say that this even took place in 1649, that is, when Shivājī was only twenty-two years old.

Mr. Keluskar has already substantiated his position by other conclusive evidence (*vide* pp. 507 to 514, chap. xxix of his work).

Nearly twelve years after Mr. Keluskar's work has published Professor Bhate, who has the advantage of having had a look at the original collection of manuscript letters which Mr. Chandorkar has secured and of critically examining their authenticity, comes forward in his book under review to contest the orthodox belief about the relation of Rāmdās and Shivājī, and advances almost the same arguments which Mr. Keluskar has advanced, apparently not knowing that such an attempt was made before him. He has thus once more very dispassionately proved that the so-called influence of Rāmdās's teaching had not reached Shivājī up to 1672, that is until he was able to establish his independent power in Mahārāṣṭra. In his critical study of *Dāsbodh* he has shown that only the first eight parts of it were written at a stretch and contain one connected spiritual subject; while they do not at all allude to any political or worldly affairs. Allusion to these latter subjects is interspersed in the remaining twelve parts, which appear to have been written by Rāmdās or his disciples from time to time. This view is strengthened by the fact that these latter chapters contain a lot of repetition. From this Mr. Bhate safely concludes that this latter portion of *Dāsbodh* was largely inspired by the reports and observation of Shivājī's brave deeds which effectually emancipated a large portion of Mahārāṣṭra from the clutches of the Muḥammadans.

Mr. Bhate has successfully disposed of some of the very flimsy arguments advanced against this position by Messrs. Rajawade and Deva and shown the vainness of their effort to put a different interpretation upon the letters in question by trying to misread several words in them. Mr. Bhate has thus shown the crying need of a historian quite unbiassed, free from any predilections and devoted to truth, to write a true history of the Marāṭhās. We are sorry to see that Mr. Kinkaid, who has just written the first volume of his contemplated history of the Marāṭhās should not have been free from the influence of those who have their own predilections and biases, for we find that the popular myth about the relation of Shivājī and Rāmdās has been perpetuated in his work. We of course admire Mr. Sardesai's frankness in admitting the cogency of the position advanced by Mr. Bhate. He has promised, in his article published in a recent issue of *Navayuga*, that he would correct this part of his history (*Marāṭhā Riyasat*) in its next edition; but we wonder why he should not have given

some thought to the same position advanced by Mr. Keluskar several years before he gave out the second and enlarged edition of his work. At any rate we must congratulate Mr. Bhate on his publishing his useful book and on his being able to convert at least one historian of note; and we are sure other researchists and historians will do well either to give up their position or bring forward some cogent arguments to falsify Messrs. Keluskar's and Bhate's position.

## DISCUSSION

### Was our Lord Crucified on a Friday? By the Rev. J. C. Young, M.A., M.B., C.M., Aden

As I presume that Mr. Swamikannu is just as anxious as I am to reach the truth concerning the actual day upon which our Lord was crucified, I would beg of him and all others who may join in this discussions, to avoid all arguments that are merely altercations. For using his own words, if we 'approach historical questions in an historical spirit' and confine our attention to really relevant matter this discussion will, I am sure, be helpful to all concerned and by no means least helpful to those who 'try all things and hold fast to that which is good.'

In kindly giving his attention to my article on the above subject Mr. Swamikannu has done me real service for, on account of his helpful criticism, I am able to correct mistakes, revise data and add a few more proofs to the already strong case that was made out in the original article.

Nevertheless I am more than sorry that any friendly critic, while touching on the early part of that paper, has thought that it is a sufficient reply thereto to quote a short extract from an inconclusive article that dogmatically asserts that our Lord's crucifixion took place on a Friday; especially as it is impossible for me living in Aden to consult a copy of the tenth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from which apparently that extract was taken. And Mr. Swamikannu does not tell us whether or not the writer discusses the real meaning of the Greek words *σαββατον* (Sabbaton), or *προσαββατον* (Prosabbaton), the real cause in my opinion of all the traditions and misconceptions that have arisen in regard to the actual day of the week in which our Lord died.

Nor does he give us the meaning of the Hebrew word שבתין (Shabbatun) (*vide* Lev. xxiii. 24 39) or even mention the tact that till the present day Shabuoth is an annual holiday for the Jews in India (*vide* Desk Diary, Government of Bombay).

But, as Mr. Swamikannu has questioned my figures in the sixth paragraph of his reply and goes on to speak about 'patent mistakes', I feel that it is only just, both to him and to my readers, to point out that my figures were absolutely correct although by a *lapsus calami* on page 13, I wrote 'day of preparation' instead of 'day of Passover' and 'Thursday, April 1,' instead of 'March 30' and Wednesday, April 14, instead of April 12.

The length of my Solar Year was taken neither from the Gregorian Calendar nor from the Julian Calendar nor even from a combination of these methods of computing dates, as calculations worked out by these methods would have been far too complicated for any non-expert to make clear to the average reader; especially seeing that three such experts as Dr. Grattan Guinness, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and Mr. Swamikannu differ so widely in their conclusions (*vide* Mr. Swamikannu's table given on page 71 of the *Indian Interpreter* for August 1918.)

I therefore made use of solar mean time which never alters and which enables even the most uninstructed to work out the calculations, seeing that all the necessary date can be got in *Whitaker's Almanac, Chambers' Encyclopædia* or any other book of reference on solar and lunar mean time.

Mr. Swamikannu (*vide* para. 7 of his paper) says: 'Surely the new moon in A.D. 30 must have been eighteen days **earlier** or twelve days later than in A.D. 1918 and this would have taken him on till March 22', but, with all due deference to him, I would point out that $12 + 12 = 24$ and that therefore if the new moon were twelve days later than March 12, it would be on March 24, not on the 22nd as he says; and if, as I have shown, there are 689,587 days 6 hours 31 minutes and 28 seconds in 1888 mean solar years and there are only 689,568 days 19 hours 31 minutes and 33 seconds in $1945\frac{1}{12}$ mean lunar years then it is obvious that the moon must have appeared eighteen days **later** in the year 30, than it did this year. For if from March 12, A.D. 30, till March 12, 1918, there were 689,517 days then there must have been eighteen fewer days if we begin to count from March 30, A.D. 30; and, as I pointed out in the original article, there is another way of testing the accuracy of these figures and that is by dividing the 689,568 days 19 hours 31 minutes and 33 seconds by 7 which is the number of the days in the week. This gives us 98,509 weeks 5 days 19 hours 31 minutes and

33 seconds or in other words 1 day 4 hours 28 minutes and 27 seconds less than 98,510 weeks. But when we add 1 day 4 hours 28 minutes and 27 seconds to 7.52 p.m. on Tuesday, we come to 0 hour 22 minutes and 27 seconds on Thursday morning, and if we count back 98,510 weeks we shall discover that it was new moon on Thursday, March 30, A.D. 30, at 0 hour 22 minutes and 27 seconds as shown in my original article.

But I would at once accept Mr. Swamikannu's dictum about the phases of the moon and gratefully acknowledge his kindness in pointing out the difference between theory and practice.

It is so very many years now since I studied astronomy that I had forgotten that the moon can very rarely be seen on the first night and that even then it can only be seen in a certain latitude. But as Mr. Swamikannu admits that the moon could have been seen on Friday, March 31, A.D. 30, his admission strengthens my position; as, according to Exod. xii. 6 and Lev. xxiii. 5, the feast of the Passover took place on the fourteenth day which would that year have begun at sunset on Thursday, April 13, and continue till sunset on Friday. Consequently the day of preparation would have begun on Wednesday night and continued till Thursday night. Thus our Lord would have been crucified on Thursday, April 13, A.D. 30.

A date which exactly fits in with the data given in Matthew, Mark, and John's Gospel. For in the Gospel of St. John we are told (John xii. 6) the Christ came to Bethany six days before the Passover, and we are also told that they made him a supper that evening (the evening in which the Passover lamb was usually set apart, Exod. xii. 2), and Mary by her act of anointing our Lord's body unconsciously chose him out on the tenth day of Nisan as the Lamb of God whose blood was to be shed at the Passover; in order to atone for the world's sin. Then our Lord confirmed her act by telling his disciples that the anointing was for His burial, while the general populace homologated the choice by coming out of Jerusalem to meet him, paying Him homage on the way and leading Him in triumph into the city on this tenth day of Nisan; for the evening and the morning were the fifth day before the Passover usually called Palm Sunday in the Christian Church.

After riding into Jerusalem on that memorable Sunday morning Jesus cleared the temple of all tradesmen, saying: 'My

house shall be called the House of Prayer but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

Now this strong action on Christ's part naturally upset the authorities and all who were engaged in making money out of temple merchandise, but they took no direct action that day and our Lord went out of the city and spent the night in Bethany. Next morning (Monday) on his way back into the city he spoke to the fig tree which offered him 'nothing but leaves,' saying, 'Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever.' Then having entered into the temple the chief priests and elders of the people came unto him, as he was teaching there and asked him for his authority in acting as he did. But our Saviour instead of giving them a direct answer spake to them in a series of parables which so roused them that they went out and took counsel against him but Jesus retired along with his disciples to the Mount of Olives.

Next morning (Tuesday) Mark tells us (Mark xi—20) that the fig tree was dried up by the roots as they passed. On reaching the temple that day he was immediately tackled by the Chief Priests, Scribes and Elders (Mark xi. 2) who did their best to entangle him in his talk; but having failed to do so they retired to the high priest's palace and consulted together as to the best way of getting rid of him (Matt. xxvi. 3, 4).

On their departure the disciples drew our Lord's attention to the fineness of the temple buildings and our Lord continuing his conversation with them led them out to the Mount of Olives and there he held them as if they were spell-bound while he explained to them what was shortly going to take place. Then before bidding them good night he said (Matt. xxvi. 2 and Mark xiv. 1), 'Ye know that after two days (Wednesday and Thursday) is the feast of the Passover and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.'

Next morning (Wednesday) apparently before leaving the Mount of Olives his disciples came to him and said, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover? (Matt. xxvi. 17).

That evening (Wednesday) he sat down with the twelve and instituted the Lord's Supper after which the whole of the party that remained, after Judas had gone out to betray his master, went out to Gethsemane, where the High Priest's minions seized him and, as we have seen on Thursday the day of preparation,

he was put to death suffering without the gate in order that he might sanctify all of us with his blood and present us as kings and priests unto God.

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[Dr. Young writes later in correction of an error in his calculation: 'In 1888 years there are only 689,577 days 6 hours 31 minutes and 28 seconds, not 689,587, as I worte. Thus the date would be altered to the 21st instead of the 30th and the date of the crucifixion would be the 4th not the 14th. This alteration in the day of the year would not, however, alter the day of the week on which our Lord was crucified, and all my arguments for the day of the week still hold; as they were taken from the lunar not the solar time.' This interesting discussion cannot, however, be continued further in the *Indian Interpreter*.

Editor, I. I.]